

*The Historie*

witcht with the rogues companie. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines to make mee loue him, ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poynes, Hall, a plague vpon you both. Bardoll, Peto, ile starue ere ile rob a foote further, and twere not as good a deede as drinke to turne true-man, and to leaue these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground is three-score and ten myles a foote with mee, and the stonie hearted villaines knowe it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues can not be true one to another.

*They whistle,*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue mee my horse you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd:

*Prin.* Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, laie thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou canst heare the treade of trauellers.

*Falst.* Haue you any leauers to list me vp againe being down, zbloud ile not beare mine owne flesh so farre a foote againe for all the coine in thy fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prin.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

*Falst.* I preethe good prince, Hal, helpe me to my horse, good kings sonne.

*Prin.* Out ye rogue. shall I be your Ostler?

*Falst.* Hang thy selfe in thine owne heire apparant garters, if I be tane, ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthie tunes, let a cuppe of sacke bee my poyson, when a ieast is so forward, and a foote too I hate it.

*Enter Gadshill.*

*Gad.* Stand. *Falst.* So I do against my will.

*Po.* O tis our setter, I know his voice, Bardoll, what newes.

*Bar.* Case yee, case yee on with your vizards, theres money of the kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

*Falst.* You lie ye rogue, tis going to the kings Tauerne.

*Gad.* Theres inough to make vs all:

*Falst.* To be hangd.

*Prin.* Sirs you foure shall front them in the narrowe lane: Ned Poynes, and I wil walke lower, if they scape from your encount-

ter

*of Henrie the*

ter, then they light on vs.

*Peto.* How many be there of them?

*Gad.* Some eight or ten.

*Fal.* Lounds will they not rob vs?

*Prin.* What, a coward sir Iohn pau?

*Fal.* In deed I am not Iohn of Ga yet no coward, Hall.

*Prin.* Well, we leaue that to the p

*Po.* Sirrha Iacke, thy horse standes thou needst him, there thou shalt find

*Fal.* Now can not I strike him if I

*Prin.* Ned, where are our disguis

*Po.* Here, hard by, stand close.

*Fal.* Now my maisters, happie ma man to his businesse. *Enter t*

*Trauel.* Come neighbour, the boy the hill, weele walke a foote a while a

*Theeues.* Stand. *Trauel.* Iesu

*Falst.* Strike, downe with them, c horeson Caterpillars, bacon-fed kn downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O we are vudone, both we a

*Fal.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, a chuffes, I would your store were here knaues yong men must liue, you are iure ye faith.

*Here they rob them and*

*Enter the prince and*

*Prin.* The theeues haue bound th thou and I rob the theeues, and go m be argument for a week, laughter fo for euer.

*Po.* Stand close, I heare them com

*Enter the theeues a*

*Fal.* Come my maisters, let vs sha day, and the Prince and Poynes bee theres no equitie stirring, theres no m then in a wilde ducke.